

A

T A L E

Being an Addition to Mr. GAY's

F A B L E S.

The Minds of young Persons are not gain'd by difficult and refin'd Reasonings, they must be entic'd by agreeable and familiar Images ; to make Truth lovely to them, it must be exhibited by sensible and beautiful Representations.

RAMSAY'S Life of CYRUS:

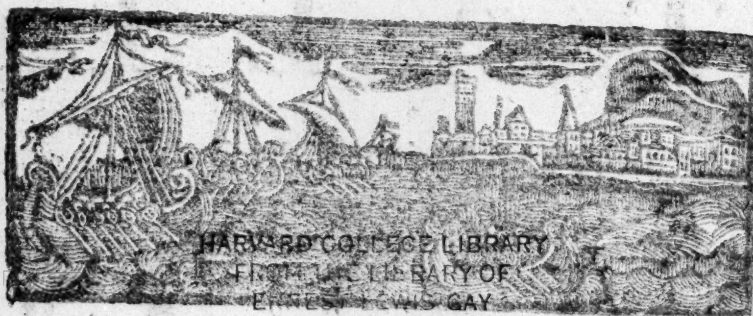


D U B L I N :

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JUNE 15, 1927

TALLE & C.

A Mother who will please her
In forming of her Children's Minds;
In midst of whom, with great Delight,
She passes many a Winter's Night;
Mingles in every Play to find
What Byss Nature gave the Mind;
Reliving thence to take her Aim
To guide them to the Realm of Fame;
And wisely make those Realm their Way
To those of Everlasting Day.

Each



A

TALE, &c.

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 In forming of her Childrens Minds;
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 She passes many a Winter's Night;
 Mingles in ev'ry Play to find
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 Resolving thence to take her Aim
 To guide them to the Realms of Fame,
 And wisely make those Realms their Way,
 To those of Everlasting Day.

Each

Each boistrous Passion she'd controul;
 And early humanize the Soul;
 In simple Tales beside the Fire
 The noblest Notions wou'd inspire :
 Her Offspring, conscious of her Care,
 Transported hung around her Chair.

Of Scripture Heroes she wou'd tell,
 Whose Names they dillip as they cou'd tell:
 Then the delighted Mother smiles,
 And shews the Story on the Tiles.

At other times, her Themes wou'd be
 The Sages of Antiquity,
 Who left a glorious Name behind,
 By being Blessings to their kind.
 Again she'd take another Scope,
 And tell of Addison and Pope.

Steel's Comedies gave vast Delight,
 And entertain'd them many a Night.

C-----s cou'd no Admittance find,
 Forbid as Poisons to the Mind,
 That Authors Wit and Sense, says he,
 But heightens his Impiety.

This happy Mother met, one Day,
 A Book of Fables writ by Gay.
 And told her Children, here's a Treasure,
 A Fund of Wisdom and of Pleasure.
 Such Decency! such Elegance!
 Such Morals! such exalted Sense!
 Well has the Poet found the Art,
 To raise the Mind and mend the Heart!

Her favourite Boy the Author priz'd,
 And as he read seem'd highly pleas'd
 Made such Reflections ev'ry Page,
 The Mother thought above his Age
 Delighted read, but scarce was able
 To finish the concluding Fable.

What

* Congreve's (see flyleaf)

What ails my Child, the Mother cries,
Whose Sorrows now have fill'd your Eyes?

Oh dear Mamma, can he want Friends,
Who writes for such exalted Ends?
O base degenerate human Kind!
Had I a Fortune to my Mind,
Shou'd Gay complain? but now, alas,
Thro' what a World am I to pass?
Where Friendship's but an empty Name,
And Merit scarcely paid in Fame?

Resolved to hush his Woes to rest,
She tells him he shou'd hope the best.

This has been yet his Case I own;
But George the Second fills the Throne.

Content that tender Heart of thine;
He'll be the Care of *Caroline*,
Who thus instructs the Royal Race,
Cant fail of some distinguish'd Place.

Mamma,

Mamma, if you were Queen, says he, W
 And such a Book were writ for me: W
 I find, 'tis so much to your Taste, W
 That Gay wou'd keep his Coach at least, O

My Child, What you suppose is true: W
 I see its Excellence in You. O
 Had I a Fortune to my Mind, H

Poets, who write to mend the Mind, S
 A Royal Recompence shou'd find. T
 Thro' what a World of Woes, W

But I am barr'd, by Fortunes Frowns, A
 From the best Priviledge of Crowns. A
 The Glorious Godlike Pow'r to bless, R
 And raise up Merit in Distress. S
 She tells him he shall be the best

But dear Mamma, I long to know, T
 Were you the Queen what you'd bestow. B
 But George the second tells the 1. Prince, P

What I'd bestow, says he, my Dear, C
 At least a thousand Pound a Year. H
 He'll be the Care of England's Fate, W
 Who thus instructs the Royal Race, C
 Can't fail of something in his Place.

Just Publish'd, Reprinted in *Dublin*, for
GEORGE RISK, GEORGE EWING, and
WILLIAM SMITH, Booksellers in *Dame's-*
street 1727.

THE Travels of *Cyrus*, written by the most
Learned *Chevalier Ramsay*, which have
been lately publish'd in *London*, in two Volumes,
Octavo. About the same time that it was pub-
lish'd in *French* at *Paris*. The Author to avoid
an injudicious Translation, having been at the
Pains of having his Book in both Languages, of
which he is perfect Master.

The *Chevalier Ramsay* hath pass'd most of his
Life in *France*, and was in the intire Friendship
and Confidence of the late famous Arch-Bishop
of *Cambray*.

The *English* Manuscript was this last Year
Transmitted to *England* by the Author, where
it was perus'd and much approv'd of by *Doctor*
Swift, Dean of *St. Patrick's*, *Mr. Congreve*, *Mr.*
Pope, and *Mr. Gay*, and then committed to the
Press.

Her Sacred Majesty hath been pleas'd to en-
courage it. And it is now so Celebrated a Work,
that near two Thousand Copies sold in *London* in
a few Weeks. Is now Printed in *Dublin*; in a
large Octavo, the same Letter and Paper as this
Advertisement, the two Volumes bound in one.
Price 4s.

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E. L. Gay's "Mrs. Barber's 'A true tale'" (in "Notes & Queries", 10 July 1915, pp. 23-24) contains its history; the quotation of its lines "upon Mr. Congreve"; and a description of its 1st ed. & its reissues down to 1808.